
Title: Battle of Trinsic - A Rambling Account

Author: Arkenor of Britain

I had awakened early that
morn. My arcane studies
had been halted by the
lack of reagents in the
shops I frequent. This no
doubt due to the
bacon-fed coves who
purchase in bulk only to

sell at marked up prices
from their stalls. It had
occurred to me, while
falling into Morpheus'
grasp the night before,
that the old mage who
lived in the secret valley
nearby might be able to
provide what I needed.

A few hundred gold I
took from my stash, and
hid it away from the
boungnipper, within the
folds of my cloak. Too
oft had I been robbed in
recent days. In the
countryside I should be
safe from pickpockets at
least, if not the brigands
who dwell in that locale.
Leaving my key with Jed,
my loyal servant, I set
out for the secret valley.
'Tis not a great
distance from my home. I
dwell near the small
mountains we locals call
the twin peaks, Mount
Courage, and Mount
Truth, south-east from
Trinsic. In the southern
climes spring comes early,
and there was already a
faint aroma from the
few brave plants which
dare flower so soon.
There was, as is ,alas,

normal for the region,
very little wildlife to be
seen. I detected the
tracks of an alligator,
where its tail had drawn
its characteristic furrow
in the soft ground. Tailor
or not, I decided to leave
it be.

As I approached the west
side of the mountain
which holds the valley I
came upon a spore less
welcome. Lizardmen, at
least two, had passed
recently. Envisaging an
interesting, yet ultimately
victorious and indeed
profitable battle I
followed the trail.

The lizardmen were not
alone however. With them,
somewhat unusually I
thought, was an orc. No
matter, thought I, and I
plunged in, my halberd
spinning death to those
minions of evil. The first
Lizardman I took down
fairly easily, despite the
attacks of his comrade.

As I turned on the other
though, a red-robed man
broke through the
undergrowth, and charged
towards us.

I was glad of this
unforeseen assistance, as I
had noticed while fighting,
that the tracks I had
been following had been
joined by several more.
He spoke words of power,
and bolts of eldritch
energy burst forth,
towards me!

I have never been one
for fighting mages. I fled,
feeling a certain amount
of pain. I was not too
concerned though. Years
of being outclassed has
taught me how to run
faster than almost
anyone. This was not a
normal escape. As I
outpaced my foe, another
group of orcs burst out

from a ditch. I swerved neatly, only to find myself surrounded by more red-robed mages. My survival I put down to the fact that they were as surprised to see me as I was to see them. As I crashed past them I expected to feel more bolts hit me, yet I emerged unscathed. It was as if they were waiting for orders, and my swift arrival and departure had not granted them time enough.

My mind cast back, as minds are wont to do in times of stress, to a crier I had heard in town a few days before. He had spoken, somewhat predictably, of dark times ahead. More specifically, he had mentioned that Southern Britannia was in danger from a group named the Zog cabal. I may or not be correct, but I have referred to these red mages as the Zog cabal ever since.

At last the walls of Trinsic came into view. I charged through the main gate, heading straight for the bank, for I knew that would have the highest density of adventurers. "People of Trinsic, please listen to me!", I shouted. "The Zog cabal is massing an army near the secret valley! Prepare to defend the city!".

Unexpectedly, I wasn't completely ignored. A few souls, after inquiring for extra details, set off around town shouting the same warning. Mages sent requests for help to our neighbouring cities. I have since heard that a similar assault, by undead this time, was happening in Vesper, but others can

speaking of that.

The city alerted I started
back to the main gate.

Near there I noticed a
green-robed seer. I have
never seen one before or
since, but I am told that
they tend to harbinge
trouble. I ran up and
informed the gentleman of
the danger. He nodded
sagely, and told me dark
times were ahead. Now, I
already knew this. I had
rather hoped he might
have had something a
little more constructive
to say, but I suppose
they are seers rather
than sayers or doers.

Of what happened next I
am sure you will hear
many accounts. The army
attacked at the main
gate, and managed to
force its way into the
city by sheer weight of
numbers. I am not sure
if they used the other
gate also, or had magical
means of transportation.
Certainly, several bands
of monsters wandered
about the city for some
time before being
apprehended.

At least thirty of
Britannias bravest
warriors and mages slowly
pushed the army back.

Although I do not approve
of the summoning of
Daemons, for once I was
grateful for their
presence. There was a
fine level of cooperation.
Healing and aid were
handed out by all, to all,
without thought of self. I
have never been prouder
of my land, than when
seeing the City of Honour
deport itself so correctly.

After the initial force
had been repulsed, I
joined up with a brave
group, to mop up the
survivors. If we had had

any idea as to how many there were we might have had second thought. It seemed as many had not attacked as had attacked. Had they all attacked in force, Trinsic would be lost. We can then, thank poor generalship on the opposing side for our victory. Should they ever improve in their tactics, as they surely will, then our cities will be in danger indeed.

I did hear that the command post had been found, and something of interest had lain within, but I have no details on this. Trinsic and our neighbours must remain alert to this threat. At least, when next the enemy attack, the city now has enough ringmail shirts to supply every man, woman, and child in the city, not to mention red robes. I am, I'm afraid, a cucumber to the last.